MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS

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(TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN)

BY

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* درازل مي رفت چون تخمير ما *
* جمع کردند از پئ تعمير ما *

* آب اشکِ بلبلِ ديوانهٔ *
* آتش دودی، زخود بيگانهٔ *

* خاک از خاکسترِ پروانهٔ *
* باد آهِ قمری مستانهٔ *

* اين عناصر را بهم آميختند *
* تا چو من ديوانه را انگيختند *

To

THE BELOVED MEMORY OF THE LATE

BABU DHANNU LAL AGARWALLA,

FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR, WHOSE PREMATURE DEATH I SHALL NEVER CEASE TO MOURN AND WHOSE MEMORY I SHALL NEVER CEASE TO CHERISH, I DEDICATE THE FOLLOWING PAGES

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II

It begins thus: "I was born at Nishapur, that famous city which has become still more famous by the recent favours conferred upon it by our beloved Shah. May his shadow never grow less, and may my beloved city never lose its lustre! May it never yield in rank and importance to any other City of Fars! Such is my fervent wish, my whole-hearted prayer. I thrill with pride when I think of the noble souls that reside within its walls, and the nobler ones that lie buried there. City of Peace, Culture, and Refinement—my dearly beloved Nishapur—never shall I think of thee—wherever I may chance to be—except with fondest love and deepest affection. It is not my intention to inflict an autobiography upon the reader; for what interest has the world in the prosaic, unstirring, uneventful life of one to whose credit stands neither a dazzling deed nor a great literary achievement? I shall therefore say as little as I can—avoiding all details—and that little only to enable the reader to form some idea of the training and the surroundings of the author of these 'Maxims and Reflections'—the child of fancy, fed on tears, and nourished by the author's very life-blood. Belonging, as I do, to a family of book-lovers—my

native town possesses a noble monument of my parent's piety and love of learning—I was brought up, so to speak, in the purest atmosphere of learning. Since my earliest youth books were my delight, my one absorbing passion. With a passion for books I developed a love of solitude. But this was not without its drawbacks, which I perceived and from which I suffered in after-life. It entirely unfitted me for the rough-and-ready ways of the world. It gave me a visionary rather than a practical turn of mind. It inspired in me a distrust of my own powers, a shyness as regards society, a longing for peace and quiet. My father, not satisfied with the education which my native town could give, decided to send me to an Occidental seat of learning, and thus before I was fifteen years of age I was sent away from Nishapur to Europe, to learn the languages and to study the thought of the western world. What a contrast Europe offers to the East! What deep, abiding impressions it makes upon the youthful oriental mind! The merest visit to Europe—not to speak of residence at a university—is an education, and an education of an enlightening kind. It broadens one's mind, it widens his outlook; it inspires in him love of his country, and teaches him the meaning of life. It brings home to him the dignity of man and the

boundless possibilities of his advancement in the scale of civilisation, and it makes him feel, not without a tinge of shame and sorrow, how far, far behind is his own country in all things that make life honourable; nay, in many things that make life worth living.

"I was away from home for seven years—years full of hope, of laborious studies, of novel experiences. Oh, that Allah would give back to me even though it were but one of those swift-fleeting years spent in Europe! But no, that were a vain longing, a futile prayer, a never-to-be-fulfilled hope. When we bid adieu to the university, we generally, with that, sigh forth a last farewell to all the fairest dreams of life; for then we are launched on our respective careers, no longer to indulge in dreams, but to fight the realities of life.

"And realities—how undeceiving they are! I had to select a career for myself, and as all other avenues of advancement are either closed against us, or offer but meagre prospects, or are even held in disfavour, I, like the majority of my countrymen, took to the study and eventually to the practice of Law. To the observant Law is a profession which reflects more of life and reveals more of human nature than does any other profession. It shows the reverse side of the medal—the baseness, th[illegible], the horror of actual life; nay

more, it brings home to one the ignoble uses whereto is not seldom put that divinest of all human institutions—the Administration of Justice—and it forces upon one the melancholy reflection that in actual life things are not generally what they pretend to be.

"I secured first-hand experience not only of law but also of the educational institutions of my country, and I must confess that there too I found things very different from what appeared on the surface. What struck me most forcibly was the painful lack of zest and zeal shown everywhere in the pursuit of learning. Learning was sought in no other spirit than that of mean trade and sordid gain. It was regarded as a mere commodity, with a market value attached to it. Everywhere, wheresoever I turned my attention, I was confronted with sham and counterfeit, fraud and imposture. In religion, I found a set of forms, a congeries of traditions, a mere shadow of a shade. In social life I either found wicked lies in fullest bloom, or hideous anachronisms supported by all the strength of enthusiastic ignorance.

"I was sick of everything around me. Nor were my experiences in other spheres calculated to inspire in me either love for the world or admiration for mankind. I saw very little fair play in life. It was nepotism and jobbery everywhere. I reposed trust only to be betrayed.

I fought for truth, only to feel that truth's right to victory is rarely acknowledged. I was frank and outspoken, only to find that duplicity and hypocrisy win the day. I found that it was not love but self-interest that was the motive power in this world; that it was not virtue or wisdom but wealth which ruled mankind; that it was not personal merit but the gentle art of flattery which made or unmade the individual fortune.

"Experiences such as these do not make for cheerfulness, and hence this little book of mine breathes of sadness, and palpitates with grief. Let not those who have never known sorrow or suffering, or those who have never tossed through restless nights or passed through cheerless days, or those, again, who have never bled under the lashes of disappointment—let none of them look at these pages, dreary and dismal and steeped as they are in deep, unrelieved melancholy. These maxims do not and cannot lay any claim to originality, for such a claim would be an idle one. Is there aught original under the sun but truth? That can never grow stale or insipid. It always has, it always will have, virginal freshness. It will bear iteration and reiteration. These 'Maxims and Reflections' are the records of ineradicable thoughts. They are the flower and fruit of many years of silent study and quiet

meditation. I have not attempted to put them in order or cast them into shape. I have left them just as they were written. I would not destroy whatever charm attaches to their spontaneity. Moreover, many of them are associated with events and incidents which I hold dear; and to me, therefore, they represent not merely general truths, but closed chapters of my life. Here is no system of philosophy; no code of morals; no coherent, consistent view of life—no, there is no such thing here. It is merely the cry of the heart, uttered and expressed in the language of truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Farewell, my book of 'Maxims and Reflections'! Farewell, my loving companion, my trusty confidant of years! May the fates be kind and the world just to thee!"

این نسخهٔ بی‌ربط که دیوان فقر است * مجموعهٔ احوال پریشان فقر است

از سوز و گدازی که شد از دل روشن * هر مصرع آن شمع شبستان فقر است

هرچند که صد رنگ غم و درد در آن هست * کمتر نکنم نعمت الوان فقر است

گر هست پریشان سخنم عذر بر آن بند * زلفی عجمی سلسله جنبان فقر است

یعقوبم و این غمکدهٔ کنعان منست * هر بیت در آن کلبهٔ احزان فقر است

زنهار که شیرازهٔ آن بگسلی از هم * در وی به چندین رنگ خزان فقر است

III

This autobiographical sketch does not offer more information than do the "Maxims and Reflections" themselves. No one reading the MS. can fail to notice that the author was fairly well acquainted with European literature. We hear in some of these sayings distant echoes of Goethe and Schiller, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère. We find in them actual quotations from Tennyson and Swinburne, Pushkin and Gissing. But what will probably prove their most attractive feature is the blend therein of Orient and Occident. They combine Eastern melancholy with Western optimism. They unite the temper of the visionary with that of the man of the world. They are redolent not only of the cloister, but also of the market-place. They represent life in its manifold phases—its brilliant sunshine, its weeping gloom. The author himself says that he has seen the various phases of life; and that he must have done; for none, without worldly experience, acquired first-hand, could have penned the truths that lie scattered in this book;—truths that penetrate to the very core of the heart. There are sayings here which nothing but the sadness of despair could have evoked. They are bitter and piercing in their truth and

poignancy. These sayings are only too full of the disenchantments and disappointments which life brings in its train. And who has not felt the heavy hand of Fate or has not suffered from its cruel ravages? But, as the writer has very truly said, these sayings are the records of an unhappy life. But in spite of the atmosphere of gloom which hangs over them they are most delightful reading. They may be out of place, perhaps, at a festive board, or at a carousing banquet, but life is neither one nor the other.

"Happiness[1] with honour was the ideal of Solon; is it also ours? To us, perhaps, in estimating the fortune of any one whom we hold dear, it may seem more needful to inquire, not whether he has had enough of joy, but whether he has experienced a sufficiency of sorrow; whether the blows of circumstances have wholly shaped his character from the rock; whether the soul has taken lustre and purity in the refiner's fire. Nor is it only (as some might say) for violent and faulty natures that sorrow is the best. It is true that by sorrow only can the headstrong and presumptuous spirit be shamed into gentleness and solemnized into humility. But sorrow is also used by the power above us in cases where we men would have shrunk in horror from so rough

[1] *Wordsworth*, by F. W. Myers, pp. 72–73.

a touch. Natures that were already of a heroic unselfishness, of a childlike purity, have been raised ere now by anguish upon anguish, woe after woe, to a height of holiness which we may believe they could have reached by no other road. Why should it not be so? Since there is no limit to the soul's possible elevation, why should her purifying trials have any assignable bound? She is of a metal which can grow for ever brighter in the fiercening flame."

These sayings breathe of sorrow and sadness, of a sense of hollowness and unreality of life, of a feeling of lofty contempt for the world and its coveted prizes, and lovingly dwell upon the certainty of death. Does the author not say, "Be not eager for anything in life, for there is nothing certain here except death"? The mysteries of life and death will never cease to interest mankind. Each individual approaches them from his own standpoint and each individual solves them in his own way. But whatever may be the divergencies in detail, the broad features are always the same. Love, friendship, hatred, jealousy, hope, aspiration, ambition, and disappointment have ruled and coloured human life, and will continue to do so to the end of time. They will never grow stale or out of date. And it is precisely for this reason that books dealing with life,

or maxims illustrating the ordinary incidents of mortality, never lose their charm or freshness for man. Age does not affect them; for the questions that they deal with are questions which will never and can never be shelved or cast aside. They add to our joy. They bring relief to our sorrow, for do they not teach that sorrow is but a necessary step towards the ascent of man?

In these sayings we have our own moods reflected; our own thoughts expressed, our own sorrow made articulate, and our vain strivings held up to scorn and derision.

It is my pleasant duty now to offer my most grateful thanks to Mr. H. J. Philby, I.C.S., for revising a part of my translation; to Mr. H. B. Hannah, of the Calcutta Bar, for his kindness and courtesy in not merely revising but offering most useful suggestions which have considerably improved the translation; and lastly to Professor Margoliouth for revising the final proofs.

S. K. B.

KHUDA BUKHSH'S LIBRARY,
BANKIPORE, 1916.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS

LIFE—it is a series of disenchantments.

* * *

Toleration—how rare in life! Every one tries to play the tyrant in his own small sphere.

* * *

The great names of to-day—I wonder how many will be thought of five years hence by heedless humanity!

* * *

I loathe a large gathering! To me it is an exhibition of all that is petty and repulsive in life. I see there the arrogance of power; the insolence of wealth; the crawling, furtive meanness of the masses. Only here and there, like lonely wild-flowers in a meadow, are the worthy.

* * *

The difference between a saint and a sinner consists merely in their power of resistance. One has more than the other.

* * *

A sycophant is always after something. His flattery begins and ends with expectation.

* * *

The price we pay for the company of the worldly-great is, indeed, tremendous. It is nothing less than *the entire surrender of our individuality, and the* absolute sacrifice of our private judgment.

* * *

What a passion the ordinary man has for display: display of power, display of wealth, display even of his eccentricities!

* * *

With the generality of mankind religion is more a form than a reality; a habit rather than a sustaining, fertilising principle of life.

* * *

Strike at the real or imaginary interests of a man, and the tiger and the ape will be at once let loose in him.

* * *

The worst calamity in life is to be torn between two contending passions.

* * *

Life is too fragile and too uncertain for us to be constantly worrying. I never can understand that calculating attitude of the mind which persistently looks

ahead with a view to controlling the course of events, or strives to erect safeguards against possible mishaps. To me that is the summit of human folly. Foresight and forethought are both unavailing against Fate. I love to float on the tide of Destiny, leaving my little barque entirely in her custody, to be wrecked or saved as it pleases her capricious mood.

* * *

Some natures are more sensitive to unkindness than others; but the unkindness which stabs deeper than a thorn is that which comes from a friendly quarter. It leaves a smart which never wholly subsides.

* * *

What embitters and poisons the springs of life is ofttimes the viperous sting of memory.

* * *

There are moments when a mere look, a mere act, or a lightly-spoken word—any one of these—is enough to wreck a life-long friendship, or to crush the fragrance out of a most endearing relationship.

* * *

The daily experiences of life ofttimes not only break one's heart, but turn it to stone.

* * *

We fear death, not only because of the darkness and the uncertainty which lie beyond the grave, but also—and perchance the more—because of the wrench that it involves from the attachments of this life.

* * *

Contempt for death is often due to one of three causes: a great grief; a grievous disappointment; a deep religious conviction.

* * *

There is a touch of sadness in everything connected with us. It lurks beneath the festive board. It nestles round our dearest joys. It casts a shadow over our proudest successes. But it is only in the evening of life that this truth is borne in upon us, because it is then that we are freest of illusions and fullest of experience.

* * *

Childhood! Who does not envy its irrepressible laughter, its unalloyed joys, its absolute freedom from care; even its not unfrequent tears—brilliant as diamonds, and fleeting as the morning dews?

* * *

At times nothing seems to bring relief to an afflicted heart. Even the beauty and harmony of nature—its vastness, its majesty, its tranquil repose—fail to com-

municate their ineffable charms. To be sure, it is the inward peace which casts the glamour of beauty on physical conditions. It is our own mental attitude which creates both Heaven and Hell.

* * *

Hope defies reason. It lives longer.

* * *

Happiness is the gift which Heaven confers upon the ignorant. Sorrow is the heritage of the wise.

* * *

Youth is over-confident. Old age distrustful.

* * *

Truth, Justice, Love—cardinal principles of life—loudly proclaimed in theory, lightly violated in practice.

* * *

Whenever carefully examined, we shall detect in every human action, however disinterested in outer seeming, vanity or self-interest as its direct cause.

* * *

Who would care or dare to speak the whole truth about himself?

* * *

Success in life is rarely due to merit or intrinsic worth. It is generally the outcome of some felicitous conjunction of favourable circumstances coupled with daring and impudence.

* * *

Know a man's weak point, and you have him in the hollow of your hand.

* * *

How persistently does the mind revert to vanished days! How it invests them with a halo of romance! They were probably not better or happier than the present, but we love them and cherish them simply because they are no more.

* * *

Our nearest relatives are always the most envious of our good fortune. Our success intensifies their misfortune, our good luck accentuates their reverses.

* * *

Women never forgive their detractors. Both in love and hatred they go to extremes.

* * *

We are always most generous where our interests are not affected.

* * *

Friendship, to be lasting, must be pure and disinterested. The worldly-wise rarely make true friends Childhood and youth are the seasons when we form friendships and forge attachments. They are the seed-time of life's choicest fruits.

* * *

Prayers and tears are the usual accompaniments of old age. Why? Because then the shadows of death begin to thicken, and the fear of the unknown to press with an uncomfortable insistence.

* * *

Superstition is too deeply ingrained in human nature to be altogether eradicable by culture or illumination.

* * *

How lovingly we hug and how painfully we part with a day which grants us respite from worry and weariness—the ordinary condition of mortal life!

* * *

Nothing is softer and sweeter than the unspoken words which lovers read in each other's eyes.

* * *

Even a life-time would seem but a day to youthful, ardent love.

* * *

There are moments when the stoutest heart melts and seeks relief in tears. There are sorrows which are a trifle too much even for the sternness of stoical breeding.

* * *

Farewell! What an agonising torture to utter that word! The heart well-nigh breaks at the thought that the haunts of childhood and the familiar scenes of

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Farewell! What an agonising torture to utter that word! The heart well-nigh breaks at the thought that the haunts of childhood and the familiar scenes of

growing manhood may never more be seen. Nature, indifferent to the sorrows and afflictions of the Children of Men, inexorably observes her immutable, eternal laws. The sun still shines; the sky still wears its spotless cloak of sapphire-like brilliance; the leaves of the trees still whisper to each other their unknown secrets; the breeze still blows, diffusing freshness and fragrance over the weary Earth; but nevertheless, there is one heart which is out of tune with all this wealth of joy; one heart which, despite the encircling warmth and sunshine and cheerfulness, beats sad and sorrowing. It is mine. To feel is to suffer. How terrible it is to compare the ugliness of the reality with the splendour of the ideal! Dissension, division, disappointment, disenchantment—what a hideous tragedy is life! The ordinary man is essentially unimaginative. He receives and endures the buffets of life, staggers for a moment, then composes himself and goes his way, oblivious of the past and heedless of the future. The man of imagination has three-fold sufferings to face and endure: the sufferings of the present, of the past, and of the future. But the worst fears, like the best hopes, never or rarely come to pass. They flit across our path terrorising and perchance paralysing us.

* * *

Freedom of thought is the starting-point of human progress. Once thought is free, human progress is assured.

* * *

Expectation—there is a curious intermingling of hope, doubt and despair in it.

* * *

We rarely get, at the right moment, what we fondly wish for. In many cases it never comes at all; and, even if it does, 'tis at a time when much of our joy therein has vanished.

* * *

It is the unexpected which always happens. It is chance, rather than design, which shapes and guides our lives.

* * *

Life seems to be a perpetual round of [illegible]. How destructive are days of intellectual work; and yet ease and comfort seem to be equally so. Poverty and the struggle for existence may sometimes quench intellectual ardour, but wealth invariably does so. The most suitable condition for a scholarly life is one above want—not exactly affluence, but immunity from the petty worries of life, security against the necessities of the morrow.

* * *

There are certain periods in life when everything goes wrong; when all efforts are unavailing; when nothing succeeds, and when our best-calculated hopes deceive us. They come at appointed intervals.

* * *

Be slow in making friends, and still more slow in imparting confidence.

* * *

Be not eager for anything in life, for there is nothing certain here except death.

* * *

Trust in God is the one true support against the evils and afflictions of life. It is the one belief which makes life bearable and possible.

* * *

The majority ever lend a willing ear to ugly rumours. Not so with good reports. There is a secret and malicious delight in hearing of the misfortunes of others. An unmistakable proof that goodness is not a natural but an acquired virtue.

* * *

No wrong ever goes unavenged. Punishment may be slow in coming but it is ever on its way.

* * *

Nothing is more chilling than a weary succession of days cheerless and barren of hope.

* * *

Life's deepest lesson is vanity. Life's most precious gift is the memory of a great joy.

* * *

Nothing wears out life more than the anticipation of trouble.

* * *

Life is but a series of irremediable blunders. Success hides them, failure reveals them.

* * *

We are so optimistic by nature that even when sunk in the deepest slough of despond, we never, or at least rarely, lose hope. We anxiously await a turn in the wheel of fortune, but how often in vain!

* * *

Naught but a true religious spirit can give us that inward joy and sweet content which laughs the world's waywardness to scorn.

* * *

Our ideals soon vanish when they come into contact with clay and mortality.

* * *

Self-satisfaction is the surest sign of degeneration. It is the restless and dissatisfied spirit which moves onward on the path of progress as a pioneer in the realm of thought and in the sphere of action.

* * *

The greatest conquest is the conquest of self.

* * *

The majority of mankind pass through life without thinking. For them life is a mere routine, a daily round of business which they get through mechanically, or of pleasure in which they riot. Thinking is too painful an operation for them. They shrink from it, and passionately cling to the traditions, beliefs, and faiths of their forefathers. To strike out a new path is the privilege and prerogative of the few, and they are the heralds and pioneers who hold aloft the torch for the benefit and guidance of their fellow-men. All honour and glory to them, for they fertilise the earth with their blood and sanctify it with their sufferings.

* * *

The Middle Ages believed in the Wager of Battle as one of the approved methods of establishing innocence at a criminal trial. The modern world has rejected that belief. It has found that the mediæval faith in a merciful Providence, who would never see anything but truth triumph and falsehood laid low, was an untested and

unverified piece of optimism, contradicted and wholly demolished by its own riper experiences, which point to the conclusion that it is not might that is right, but that might should ever maintain the right.

* * *

The glowing vision of universal peace is too brilliant ever to be realised on this Earth, where the most vital question always is, with nations as well as individuals, how to get ahead of each other? Competition and rivalry—these are the two articles of modern faith.

* * *

In childhood's innocent days I frequently heard that Justice was blind, and that she was no respecter of persons. In the Palace of Justice I found her cured of blindness, nay, possessed of a remarkably keen vision—specially so as regards the dignity of the *Muhtasib* [1] and the prestige of the *Shah*. I even saw the thrice-blessed Goddess of the Mint near her exalted throne, with her wonted witchery and caresses. In short, I found Justice, as administered, very different from Justice as conceived and described in legends and fairy-tales.

* * *

We condemn in others what we ourselves do every day of our lives Such is the splendid hypocrisy of man—patent, unabashed, unblushing!

* * *

[1] Police.

The goodness that I value is the goodness of the heart —not the counterfeit goodness which flutters on the lips.

* * *

Alone and aloof from the excitements of the world, I stand sorrowing, watching things profane and things divine. I seek to read some meaning into life, but my quest is wholly vain. Life seems to be a cruel chaos, a blundering chance. Laughter is but the precursor of tears, and joy a harbinger of sorrow. Everything appears to be misplaced or out of place. Learning never, or if ever, then only rarely, is conjoined in amity with wealth, power with sympathy, and principle with practice. Fools adorn the courts of princes, rogues those of the *Kādi*, and eunuchs feast on the charms of the *Harem*. It is a huge tragi-comedy this life of ours.

* * *

I betook myself to the sages, both ancient and modern, and at their feet I amassed learning and gathered wisdom, and the net result of many years of laborious study and apprenticeship is the lesson :

Vanitas Vanitatum, nil nisi Vanitas.

* * *

Social inequalities always weigh heaviest, because they assail us at every step of life. Political disabilities

may be overlooked and even at times justified, but social inequalities, never.

* * *

There is no such thing as absolute despotism. The greatest despot can only go up to a certain point. Beyond that, resistance, rebellion, anarchy stare him in the face.

* * *

It is astonishing how easily we accommodate ourselves to circumstances and become reconciled to our fate. How quickly, for example, do tears dry up, and wounds caused by bereavements heal? Nothingness and Oblivion—the two words which contain world-wisdom—should be written in letters of gold.

* * *

The evening of life is almost invariably a satire on the eager, brilliant hopes of dawning manhood.

* * *

Those dwellers in the quiet valleys of existence—peace be on them!—what sweet reasonableness, genuine affection, unpretentious piety, what a spirit of self-sacrifice have I found among them! What a strange and striking contrast do the mansions of the rich offer! We behold in the one the strength of religion; in the other we see the temptations of wealth, and the fall consequent upon those temptations.

* * *

In my Utopia only those will administer Justice who have no interest to serve; no prospects to mar; no account to render, except at the bar of conscience; no homage to pay, except at the altar of righteousness.

* * *

Thou, the healer of aching hearts, the confidant of lovers' inexhaustible secrets; thou, O Night, who in thy caressing embrace enfoldest the weary pilgrims of the Earth and bringest unto them rest, sleep, peace of mind, tranquillity serene,—thou, sweet Comforter, what hast thou brought unto me? Any cure for my pain; any consolation for my sorrow; any hope to my deathless gloom? No, thou hast ever brought unto me food for melancholy thoughts, and with it bitter tears to shed. These and these only have been thy bounteous gifts unto me.

* * *

In the throes of a crisis; during the struggle against adversity; in the hour of peril, or in the moment of despair—what fervent prayers, what pious vows, what stern resolutions, in short, what good intentions are ours! But no sooner does the cloud roll away and the sunshine return than we revert to the old familiar ways, the apparently unforgettable ways—the ways of sin and folly.

* * *

Life is full of perplexing riddles. Some we solve, some we only half solve, and some we carry unsolved to our grave.

* * *

A great passion consumes everything, even itself.

* * *

At times a sense of impatience with existence, a longing for the end, comes over us. Then, indeed, our hopes centre no longer on anything that life can promise, and our thoughts are irrevocably fixed upon death—the only solution of life's insoluble problems.

* * *

Jealousy is the cruellest weapon forged by the devil for the destruction of the human soul.

* * *

I envy the ignorant; I envy their confidence, their faith, their simplicity, even their very ignorance. I envy the poor; I envy their limited wants, their capacity for endurance, their touching resignation. What have the rich but gilded chains and golden sorrows? What have the learned but the never-ending pursuit of an ever-receding goal? Humanity never will be satisfied; never, give or take away what you will.

* * *

We are always the wiser and the richer for our experience; for every experience is a fresh lesson learnt in the school of life, either exposing some falsehood or correcting some error of judgment.

* * *

We are ever longing for a change, even though it be for the worse. Such is the perversity of human nature!

* * *

A woman's life—it is generally made up of toilet, gossip, fault-finding, or love-making.

* * *

Pride, Jealousy, Covetousness—these not only mar the happiness of life, but also arrest the spiritual growth of man.

* * *

Wherein lies the superiority of the West over the East? Surely in its strength of moral purpose, in its unflinching sense of duty, in its recognition of the claims of country and humanity, in its altruistic conceptions. Life in the East is too self-centred, too narrowly circumscribed. Self and the family absorb and exhaust Eastern sympathy. Beyond self and the family there is no duty to discharge, no obligation to incur.

The East has never known disinterested sympathy and broad-based toleration. She has never nourished

high-souled patriots, or divinely-inspired martyrs for a political ideal. She has never conceived, nor could she ever conceive (as things have stood with her), the *parliament of man, the federation of the world.* She has always, always raised up social walls, splitting humanity into fragments. The East has much to teach, but she has also much to learn, and much more to unlearn. As a return for her spiritual gifts and religious teachings she may learn from the West the art of living, the spirit of compromise, and that supremest of all lessons—the spirit of resistance to all demands inconsistent with the dignity of man.

* * *

Why does goodness suffer and wickedness thrive if there really is the rule of right? Goodness is merely tried and tested and purified by suffering in order that it may shine with all the greater brilliance and proclaim with all the greater force its fadeless, ageless, deathless glory. But wickedness bears not the light of day. Its reign is shortlived. Its day of reckoning is ever close at hand. It is merely a moment's flash, and then darkness utter and absolute. Goodness, on the other hand, is not unlike sunlight, gilding the heaven and brightening the earth with its genial, joyous warmth and light.

* * *

Ah, the bitterness of vain regret, and the restlessness of hopeless longing!

* * *

I never can understand the pride and insolence of man; for what is man but a handful of dust and ashes? What are his powers but a derision to heaven? What is his greatness but an illusion and mockery? Let us be kind and forgiving, for the world is full of gall and bitterness.

* * *

Ever in thrall to soul-cramping traditions, the Eastern mind has never developed critical power to any serious extent. Of this fact its literature offers a striking illustration. There, you have wealth of imagination, splendour of word-painting, gorgeous flow of language, glory of sustained eloquence, delicacy and subtlety of thought; but never by any chance have you that mature vintage of experience—the criticism of life and its thousand and one ramifications, never have you anything approaching that critical literature which is the pride and possession of the West alone. Never have you the full-length portrait of man, or anything like a faithful transcript of nature. In Eastern literature man appears either at the shrine of love or at the altar of divinity. Mist and darkness beyond. The greatest

debt which the East owes to the West is the awakening of the critical spirit in the Eastern mind It has brought with it, indeed, unrest and discontent, but it has opened up boundless prospects and unlimited hopes for the future O dawning Spirit of Enquiry and Criticism, I salute thee and welcome thee! It is thou that leadest humanity on and on in the paths of progress, freedom, and enlightenment. What is the civilisation of Europe but thy very own flower and fruit? What is the stagnation of the East but thy neglect and indifference?

* * *

I sat in the garden, surrounded by smiling flowers and dancing leaves. Not a voice was there to jar upon the ear; not a footstep to disturb the stillness of that solemn eventide. I sat in solitude, thoughtlessly watching the birds that soared overhead, the clouds that rested along the horizon; enjoying the soft, rapturous caresses of the evening breeze, until darkness deepened and deepened into the blackness of night To be out in the country and away from the strife of the world, to be at a spot where innocence dwells, and where vice stands rebuked; to be in the embrace of nature, and at a distance from the haunts of men consumed by mean ambitions and fevered with the lust of power—

Ah, what heavenly peace, what vision-feast, what spiritual experience, and what joy divine!

* * *

I have a horror of paradise, a genuine horror indeed. And who would feel otherwise for a place peopled by sexless *huris*, disfigured divines, emaciated hermits, and howling dervishes? Allah be praised! It would be more like a madhouse or a menagerie than a haven of rest or an abode of everlasting bliss. The makers of paradise were lamentably lacking in imagination, experience, and knowledge of humankind. They evidently ignored the varying temperament of man and the shifting ideals of the successive phases of life. They have made their own standard the standard for all times and for all peoples. Ah, the short-sightedness of the prophetic vision; the folly of our would-be architects!

* * *

Baqr 'Id! What a carnival of blood! What a revelry of sacrificial rites! Surely, surely, the great God—the loving and merciful God—cares not now, if He ever did in ages past, for those streams of blood, or the inexpressible sufferings of those groaning victims! Atonement! No longer need we atone for our sins by sacrifices; for God and man alike have changed with

the changing wheels of time. No atonement, in sooth, can be of any worth which involves pain or suffering to the least of sentient beings. The only real atonement is one that takes place in *one's own* heart—a change in *our attitude towards life.* The religion of the future will discard crude and cruel methods of atonement. It will look with pitying contempt upon the days when sacrifice was always the sacrifice of something, of some one, *other than one's self!* It will inculcate atonement by repentance of the heart and mind; for does not true repentance cleanse the body, purify the mind, and carry the penitent nearer and nearer to that supreme goal to which humanity is painfully but surely moving—the spiritual perfection of man?

* * *

"Teach me, O Shaikh, that philosophy which will banish fear and cure the ills of life." "It is our mental attitude," rejoined the sage, "which makes us masters or slaves; lords or serfs of existence. Passion, covetousness, lust of power—these degrade and dishonour us. Subdue and conquer them, and you will have no fears to make you weep; no qualms of conscience to disturb your inward peace; no dark forebodings to combat; no ghastly visions to dread. 'Follow light and do the right'—in these words the entire philosophy of'

living and right-thinking is truly, pithily, forcibly summed up."

* * *

How shadowy and illusive is our quest for happiness! We never find it by mere seeking—seek as assiduously as we will. It comes without our invitation, and goes against our will. It gilds the cottage, and fills the palace with its sunshine. But oh, how provokingly brief and transient is that ineffable light!

* * *

The older I grow the more clearly do I realise the two central facts of life: the futility of our efforts, and the tender and loving watchfulness of Providence.

* * *

Years ago when the weight of sin did not press upon me as heavily as it does now, I visited a great Shaikh celebrated alike for piety and learning. I went to him with a two-fold purpose, to obtain his blessing, and to receive his guidance along the thorny path of life. And the advice that he gave me was this: Take the joys and sorrows of life with an imperturbable calm. Let not prosperity turn your head nor adversity crush your spirit.

* * *

Love—'tis the efflorescence of our best passions. 'Tis a vision divine, seen once and once only in life.

* * *

Nowhere have I found greater comfort and truer consolation against the ills that chequer existence than in the company of books. They put my sorrows to sleep, they detach me from my sordid surroundings, and lift me out of myself. I would love to be buried under the shadow of a great library.

* * *

Prejudice—what a tremendous force it is in life! How it shapes and alters and deflects our judgment! How contemptuous of reason and common sense is the ordinary man when prejudice enters into competition with reason and common sense! It is the triumph of prejudice, it is *her* triumph, that proclaims itself at every step.

* * *

Women are more obstinate than men, because they are less amenable to reason, and more inclined to folly.

* * *

Assess the worth of a man and treat him accordingly.

* * *

Does not life teach us the short-sightedness of our vision and the worthlessness of our wisdom?

* * *

Full speed ahead in season fair, dead stop in weather foul—sport of destiny—what pranks she plays with the

tiny barque of my life! She shortens the days of joy. She lengthens the hour of woe.

* * *

Life without love is as a day without sunshine.

* * *

Though I only too often assume the mask of happiness, I am never truly happy except when I am absolutely oblivious of my existence; that is, when I am either absorbed in a book, steeped in an idea, or lost in a dream!

* * *

There are certain confessions which can never be made; there are certain secrets which can never be revealed. Prudence sets her seal upon them, and we can only break it at our peril.

* * *

People accustomed to freedom will find nothing more striking in the East than the utter absence in the Oriental of that burning love for country and its true interests which is the distinctive greatness of the West. I doubt if, in the East, the idea of a common purpose has ever progressed beyond a very rudimentary stage. Never, perhaps, apart from religion. The love of country—pure and simple; the love of freedom for freedom's sake; the voluntary surrender of individual interests

to the interests of a larger whole—these necessarily imply an immunity from a two-fold yoke which the East has never wholly escaped : sacerdotal tyranny and royal despotism. The accepted political doctrines of the West have never been aught but treason in the East; the searching, questioning spirit of the West has never been aught but audacious impiety in the East. Kings claim our body, and gods our soul.

* * *

We all possess a reserve of strength and fortitude of which we are rarely conscious. It comes into play in the enduring of a sudden reverse of fortune, or in fighting a long, lingering illness. We are always better for experiences of that nature. We rise from the one as from the other—exalted, chastened, purified. Our sympathies are enlarged ; our sense of other people's sufferings is quickened ; our own littleness is emphasised and our small social circle is tried and tested.

* * *

To expect is to court disappointment. Expect not, and you will not grieve. Take things as they come, and pursue the path of life with steady, unfaltering steps. Transient are Spring and Autumn alike. In one the flowers bloom and fade ; in the other the leaves wither and fall.

* * *

Down, down the vale of years we descend, with sighs and regrets and tears over time wasted, opportunities lost, work undone, and ideals shattered !

* * *

The mightiest passion subsides and dies when it has to contend against continued or prolonged absence, neglect, or indifference.

* * *

We grow older and older year by year, but our hearts never lose their buoyant hope or their youthful freshness.

* * *

Every human life—carefully scrutinised—will reveal a marvellous compound of lofty romance and despicable tragedy ; heroic self-sacrifice and incredible pettiness.

* * *

Human foresight has never changed the course of destiny.

* * *

"What is hell, O Shaikh?" I asked. "It is what we make it," said he. "It is the storm, stress, and strife of life with their usual concomitants : disillusionment, disappointment, despair. And Heaven," he added, "none other than sweet, joyous contentment with our lot."

* * *

I have witnessed the sunrise and sunset of hope. I have known the agonies of a soul in the grip of despair. I have tossed through sleepless nights and struggled through cheerless days. I have known, in fact, suffering in all its various hues. And I am all the wiser and better for them. Life is an education, a period of probation, a preparation for a higher and nobler existence; and through the portals of suffering must we needs pass, ere we reach the goal for which we are destined.

* * *

"More light!" These are the words, the last solemn words, of a great Western sage. Yes, more light! More light for evermore! We can never have enough of light; and what is the progress of humanity but the breaking of fresh light, full light, and yet fuller light, on the doubts, difficulties, perplexities, and obscurities of yesterday and the day before?

* * *

Would you have proof of the falseness and fickleness of Fate? Look, then, at the royal palace, and count on your fingers its various occupants and their varying tenures. Tenancy-at-will—a mere tenancy-at-will—liable to be determined at any moment; that is all our life is worth, and nothing *more!*

* * *

"*Omnia fui, nihil expedit.*" These melancholy words of Alexander Severus are the truest commentary on life.

* * *

Discontent—I regard discontent as a healthy, hopeful sign of national progress. Absolute acquiescence in or unquestioning acceptance of existing circumstances means not only the death of hope but it also means the death of national life. Discontent indicates impatience with the existing order of things and points to a desire to approximate to a higher and yet higher ideal. Was it not an English philosopher who said: "A pig dissatisfied is better than a man satisfied"?

* * *

Envy is the poison of the Soul.

* * *

The greatest benefactors of humanity have been the most daring rebels against the enslaving conventions and inherited social and religious laws of the day. Acquiescence is the lot of the majority; defiance ever the glory of the chosen few. Was it not this very spirit of intense, passionate revolt which broke out at Mount Sinai; which shone at Calvary; which set Kaba ablaze? Never will this light be extinguished, never will this spirit die, while Time endures.

* * *

Truth is eternal. It never loses its freshness. It will bear iteration and reiteration.

* * *

How difficult it is to shake off an idea, however unreasonable, when once it becomes fixed in the mind.

* * *

It is the sense of righteousness, and righteousness alone, which freshens the weary path of life.

* * *

What other gift than tears, bitter, passionate, burning tears, visible tokens of grief, wrung from the heart; what other gift than tears can we make to those who have passed beyond the gates of Time, but whose love is our permanent possession, and their memory our joy for ever?

* * *

Not very long ago I visited a Muslim Library. What mournful reflections it evoked! It brought before me a vision of the past in all its radiant splendour. There, so to speak, the history of Islam unrolled itself before my dazzled eyes. There I saw its culture, its civilisation; beautiful, brilliant, and many-sided. There I realised the strength and the weakness of the Muslim empire; and there I saw, as nowhere else, the wrecks left by the

tides of time. As I gazed upon the treasures spread out before me, I reflected upon the varied vicissitudes that must have been theirs. How many hands had they passed through? What wondrous tales could they not tell if only they had tongues? Where were the emperors, the rulers, the dignified courtiers who at one time owned them, and gloried in them? Where the palaces which frowned majestically upon the passer-by? Where *now* their pomp and politics? What availed *now* their lordly halls, their crowded ante-chambers, their buzzing corridors, and all their apparatus of rank and riches? Their power is laid in the dust, and their glory has sunk in deep decay! And what has survived? Naught save the intellectual achievements of the Muslims. Those who confronted the blows of destiny; those who fought against poverty and distress; those who suffered sorrow and neglect; it is they and their work that now command our allegiance and receive our loyalty; allegiance and loyalty the like of which never fell to the lot of their patrons or the scoffers of their day. Those dead and sceptred sovereigns of the mind—it is to them we offer our homage at a Library.

* * *

The secret of the best friendship, as of the most enduring attachment, lies in that sweetness of disposi-

tion which, avoiding conflict and collision, gives way at the right moment to the wishes of others.

* * *

I often wonder what purpose I was meant to serve, what destiny I was intended to fulfil. Why was I brought into this world? Why? Since I have sown nothing but furrow after furrow of sin, I have reaped nothing but a harvest of woe. I have contributed to the happiness of none, though I have inflicted pain upon many. A wholly useless existence has been mine—an existence without aim and without purpose. Fate plays with human life as children play with toys.

* * *

Broken health and more than an ordinary mortal's share of suffering—that is all the dower that heaven has been pleased to bestow upon me.

* * *

Unmoved by tears, heedless of prayer, severe and pitiless, the years go by, leaving behind a hecatomb of hopes blighted, friendships betrayed, love unrequited, hearts broken.

* * *

We discuss, we ponder over matters of trifling concern; but almost invariably we are thoughtless and reckless when confronted with the momentous issues

of life. Hence so much misery, so much sorrow. And O, how quick we are to fasten upon Heaven the consequences of our own sin and folly!

* * *

We forgive, nay, sometimes admire, the faults of the rich, but we condemn the very virtues of the poor; for "indigence is the death of the soul." What atoning power does wealth not possess? What force, what magnetism, what permeating influence? It invests its owner with a robe of shining glory. It makes him an object of grovelling devotion and stridently vocal laudation. Thrice-blessed Mammon! What mysterious fascination, what esoteric attraction is thine! Before thee humanity unceasingly bows down; at thy shrine it offers its whole-hearted devotion. Ever-ascending is the incense there burnt; never are the whispers of thy worshippers stilled; for thine is the altar which is most sought after. Thy sway on Earth is unquestioned. What will humanity not do for thee? For thee it barters away its soul; for thee it surrenders its body to infamous thraldom; for thee it uproots and effaces life's deepest, holiest ties. Thee it worships, for with thy aid it unlocks the iron-barred gates of life which lead to the terrestrial paradise and the land of perpetual sunshine. O Dispenser of Pleasure, what is

the nature of thy power? Is it divine, or diabolic? Tell us, O tell us, the secret of thy power!

* * *

Why need we fear death? Is it not a happy release from the bondage of life; from the weariness of the flesh? It is surely the end of one, and the beginning of another, career — a career possibly brighter, more spiritual, less tainted by sin, or less disfigured by sorrow. And if that be not so, it is unquestionably an eternal sleep; free from dreams, and beyond the possibility of a rude awakening. We should rather welcome than dread death; for at least it sets a limit to our unhappiness if it does not open for us the prospect of endless joy.

* * *

The world has no charm and life has no joy for me. I am weary and footsore, and long for rest; but rest I do not find. The sun shines, but only to scorch my wounds. The moon sheds its soft and gentle gleams, but only to emphasise my wretchedness. The stars, in their resplendent repose, do but smile at my fretful, feverish, ineffectual struggles. Out of tune I feel, with man and nature alike.

* * *

I planted some precious cuttings. I looked forward to their bloom. They rapidly grew, but when they

had almost reached flowering-time, I had to transplant them. Their petals dropped one by one. They lost their emerald cloak. They became bare and bald. The long-looked-for bloom never blew. And so it is with most of our fond schemes and plans and calculations—apparently so well founded, yet founded on sand!

* * *

"Call no man happy until he is dead." How pregnant with truth is this saying! At no period of life are we really, positively happy: in childhood tears; in manhood soul-destroying cares and inexpressible anguish; in old age infirmity and settled regret!

* * *

Seldom are we ready to admit our faults, or to acknowledge our mistakes; especially so, if they are incurable or beyond redemption. Admission would be but a confession of our guilt, or at least of our folly, and such an admission is never really acceptable.

* * *

We sat face to face. We talked of days gone by. We embraced with a sigh. We parted with tears. To share a common joy is delightful. To share a pleasant memory is more delightful still. And yet one is full of laughter, while the other may be full of tears!

* * *

Thou prince of poets! Shall I say of philosophers too? O, Omar of Nishapur, to thee I bring my humble tribute, and my own little offerings. Thou hast wrested a laurel crown and adoring admiration from the two hemispheres. Wherein lie thy unfading glory, thy unfailing source of strength? What is the secret of thy conquest? Is it the grace or elegance of thy language, or the sweetness of thy thought, or some ineffable aroma which hangs over thy Quatrains? No! Sweeter melodies, deeper thoughts, more soul-stirring songs the world has known. But to thee 'twas given, as to few others, to look beneath the surface of things and to appraise them at their true worth. Thy Rubā'iyāt sparkle with wit and humour, and sting, at times, with the sharp bitterness of truth. They breathe an air of ease and gaiety, and seemingly suggest contempt for and disregard of the vexing problems of life and death. And yet what man who has read thee aright has failed to read in thee the eternal note of sadness, "sadness at the doubtful doom of human-kind," and has not been stirred to fiercest wrath against the wearisome wrangles which religion, stripped of its beneficent influences, invariably provokes? Thy piercing and critical eye detected and exposed false traditions and impossible loyalties. To thee 'twas given to feel and to express, in

bold and fiery language, the salutary spirit of révolt which, together with the spirit of obedience and reverence for constituted authority and time-honoured institutions, forms the life of humanity, and the constant clash of which marks its various stages of growth and development. The conflict between these two opposite forces can never cease until the end of time. And thou, O Omar! Thou wilt for ever live enthroned in the hearts of humanity as the warrior and knight who fought, and fought successfully, against the forces of darkness and the demon of ignorance.

* * *

As we grow older and older our faith in the goodness of man is shaken more and more. We discover pride among the preachers of humility; vice in the sanctuaries of faith; fraud and deception in the ostensible homes of truth and piety; and alas, malice and ill-will where naught but love, virtue, and purity should have reigned.

* * *

Ideas which enrich and broaden and illumine the mind are, in the nature of things, slow to grow, and slower still to mature. They are, so to speak, the torch by which the Almighty guides the groping steps of humanity. But what a toll they exact; what sacrifices

they involve, before they become living, moving, palpable realities!

* * *

Only too often, alas, the measure of our love is the extent of our self-interest.

* * *

Freedom is an exacting goddess, with sword in one hand and the scales of justice in the other. She reddens her path with streams of blood and records her triumphs in letters of fire. She enlarges the legitimate sphere of the liberty of man, and restrains his wild, selfish impulses. She never can subsist without the spirit of obedience and forbearance—the two highest spiritual lessons which only centuries of careful training and severe discipline inculcate and enforce. The highest state of freedom will mean the completest restraint upon the savage, brutal instincts of man.

* * *

The greatest pleasure is always the pleasure derived from half-satisfied or unattained delights. The greatest joy is always the joy which the anticipation of the joy brings. The brightest hope is always the hope which never is, but ever *is to be* fulfilled. Satisfaction, realisation, fulfilment, these always reduce the ideal to the level of the commonplace. Reality never has any charm.

It is in the world of imagination that the paradise of milk and honey lies. "A book of verse, a jug of wine, and thou!" I doubt if even these things would long continue to afford relief against the weariness, ennui, and unloveliness of this world.

* * *

We are more charitable to the dead than to the living. The dead will not tread on our corns, the living may.

* * *

I love the East, the sunny land of implicit faith and charming credulity, the land where conventionality has not yet acquired the force which it wields in the West, and where, therefore, the most diverse and contradictory types of humanity live and thrive, side by side, undisturbed and undismayed. No, we shall never have here the conventional uniformity of the West. The East is unconventional, and therein lies its greatest charm. It is disdainful of the present. It thinks little of this but much of the other world, the world beyond the grave. Its soil is more congenial [illegible] birth of prophets and reformers than is that of [illegible] Hence it is that all founders of religions ha[illegible] The West [illegible]ions political [illegible] the art [illegible], striv[illegible] ar[illegible] looks [illegible]

is but a distraction to vary the monotony of its daily or weekly routine. The East concentrates its attention mainly upon the life to come. It looks upon this life as a vanity, a mere moment in annihilation's waste, a thing too transitory and contemptible to think or worry about. It cares not for law, or constitution, or material progress, all of which it regards as wearisome necessities

Should we find fault with the splendid simplicity of faith which seeks to propitiate the Deity through the intervention of departed saints? Should we condemn the custodians of temples and the guardians of tombs who unblushingly trade upon the credulity of the masses? Should we hold up to scorn and deride those quaintest of superstitions and those oddest of credulities which flourish here with such tropical luxuriance? No, we should not lay our hands on beliefs and practices and traditions consecrated by time. Let everything continue, but let the claims of the present be acknowledged and its dues paid. The prizes of this world are as much worth striving for, and indeed are as much worth winning, as are the prizes of the world to come. Let us have prayers and fasts and vigils and banquets in honour of the dead. Yes, let us have them, by all means, but let us have along with them the true worship, the worship of God, which finds expression

in the discharge of our duties, in the fulfilment of our trust to this generation and the generations to come, in lightening the burdens of sorrowing humanity, in alleviating the miseries of life, in charity, good-will, and love unto mankind.

* * *

Nothing is more contemptible than that attitude of the mind which passively accepts things on trust and which shrinks from sifting and testing them in the light of reason. Was it not an ancient sage who said, "An unexamined life is not worth living"?

* * *

A relic, a memento, a friend seen after years of absence, a beloved spot revisited, any one of these might set aflame the smouldering ashes of memory. What conflicting emotions of joy and sorrow they evoke! With what suddenness and swiftness the past flits across the mind! In a moment we traverse years, and, in a flash, as it were, a thousand scenes from the closed chapter of life unroll themselves; "rapid, vivid, dumb like a dream." Who can unlock the secrets of the human heart, or explain the mystery of the human mind?

* * *

Time takes the flavour out of everything. Nothing remains the same in life. The pleasures of yesterday

fall flat to-day, and all the beauteous things once so dearly loved suffer, and suffer grievously, from the process of decline and decay.

* * *

What fascinates and finally conquers mankind is the unshaken strength of purpose and calm unflinching courage which, rejecting compromises, secures the triumph of their cause.

* * *

To me the 'Id is a day of intense grief. It is on that day, more than any other day in the year, that I feel and realise with bitter regret the ravages wrought by Time, the havoc played by Death, that " great spoiler of life's feast," the difference between hopes cherished and hopes fulfilled The day of the 'Id to me is a day of stock-taking, and therefore a day of deep dissatisfaction, intense mental pain, and sorrowful recollections.

* * *

In practical life we are standing witnesses to the falsity and hollowness of our faith and profession.

* * *

Men rarely forgive, women never. To forgive requires the conquest of passion, self-control, and a spirit of charity which are seldom found united in any mortal compact of common clay. And it is precisely

because it is so hard to be completely generous in forgiveness that mankind have looked upon "forgiveness" as the distinctive attribute, nay, the very essence of Divinity.

* * *

Women fight and subdue us with tears; those welling, gleaming, streaming but at times false tears which are so pitiful, and are yet so powerful in their effect.

* * *

A cloudy day is a day most suited to my melancholy temperament. The sunshine never or rarely cheers me. In fact, it tends to depress me to an extraordinary degree, since I regard it as an emblem of the transitoriness of all things terrestrial. But the rain and the clouds—oh, how I love them. They are symbolic of life. The one represents the gloom and the misery and the darkness of the world; while the other stands for the sob and the wail and the tears of humanity.

* * *

Man is a hypocrite of the most consummate type. Even his sympathy is not always free from alloy. Sometimes it is even a poisoned arrow, wherewith he attacks all the more effectively him whom he cannot, or perhaps will not, openly assail. Nay, ofttimes his sympathy with one is but criticism of another.

* * *

In the wave of materialism which, in recent times, has swept over the East, the East has lost everything that was distinctive in her. She has lost her lofty ideals, her spiritual calling, her intellectual ardour. She has become, in fine, a moral bankrupt, with her sun of glory set, and the garnered hopes of ages gone. Can she thrive and win back her lost heritage ? Yea, verily ; but not by sedulously playing ape to the West. No, not in that direction does her path of glory lie ; not there, but in her age-long traditions, in her own light and leading.

* * *

The rose and the tulip give us but an earnest of the priceless treasures secreted in the earth below. Whose dust and ashes are these that have blossomed forth into a sweet-scented rose, or a crimson-clad tulip ? Per-chance a king's, or a queen's, or a prophet's, or those o some unhappy lover of yore who bled and died and was born again, no longer to shed tears or to endure agonies but to mock at earthly glory and human splendour, and to whisper in the silence of the garden to the moon and the stars its tragedy of love. Yes, whose dust and ashe are these that have been fashioned thus with fairy hands and have been touched thus with divine breath ? Whose Who can say ?

* * *

Every human life, however humble, is a study, an intensely fascinating study, revealing the strange ways in which life shapes itself and destiny works out its end.

* * *

It has been said " revenge is sweet " ; but we believe no more in the gospel of retaliation. Its reign has ended, and in its place a more just, a more humane, a more generous gospel has been enthroned, which inculcates the return of good for evil and which emphasises the necessity for kindness, forgiveness, and charity. And, forsooth, what punishment is heavier or bitterer than that which leads the evil-doer to remorse and repentance? Repay, therefore, an evil-doer with kindness, and shame his wrong with a generous magnanimity.

* * *

No one is necessary in this world—no, not one. The world goes its accustomed ways and men pursue their usual vocations—death notwithstanding. And yet what man has walked the Earth who has not felt at least one loss as a loss that has marred for him the charms of existence ; that has caused a gap never to be filled up ; that has bruised or broken the heart beyond repair? This truth was forcibly borne in upon me the other day when I witnessed a religious procession, which I was wont to do with a friend now no more. With what fond

love we used to look forward to the day! What joy was ours! What dear delights! What exuberant, overflowing enthusiasm! Was it the procession or the loving companionship which called forth those emotions? Not the procession, to be sure, for the procession was as gorgeous and as spectacular as ever. The sun shone as splendidly this time as it had ever shone of yore. The crowd was as gay and jubilant as ever, and the show not a whit inferior in its glorious display to what it had always been in the past; but alas! to me it was not the same, by a long, long way. The seething mass around me were full of joy, warmth, and sprightliness, but my heart froze within me. The past rose before my vision. The dear figure of my departed friend floated before my mind's eye—a thousand little incidents came crowding into my memory. I felt a mist rising over my eyes. Tears fell one by one—those sacred tears which well from a despairing heart, and which are the only true comfort and consolation of our frail humanity. And there, what I saw through the lens of tears was not the actual, stirring scene around me, but the dim, faded portrait of the past. I felt then as I feel now—the heartache which that loss has caused, and the sense of forlornness which that loss has meant. Beloved memory—how I greet thee and kiss thee—for thou, and thou alone,

... equally good, for they all teach ... and point to the very same goal— ... of man. The method of ... important part of a religion. It is the ... It is the spiritual force of a religion ... its power to uplift the soul, to transform ...

* * *

... life, how charming are its accompani- ... how soon do they all end! Death is ... the door with his imperious, inexorable, ...

* * *

In the ... I witnessed the futile wrangles of high- ... in the tavern I listened to the cease- less chatter of merry wine-bibbers; in the streets I met ... streams of humanity astir with hopes and fears. Storm, stress, strife—these I encountered wherever I ... in the land of the living. But how different was the ... of the dead, with its perfect peace and unbroken ... There the once trudging pilgrims, released ... of the morrow, immune from the weari- ... "unmoved unblest by worldly change." ... their solemn silence, unless it be the ... the breeze, the adorable confidences

of the birds, the grief-stricken voices of the mourners, or the melancholy benediction of the priest. A few more years and the earth will be our vesture too at the last!

* * *

There is a great deal in life crueller and uglier than hell.

* * *

We should neither set too great a trust in friendship nor make too great a demand upon life; for everything falls far, far below our expectations.

* * *

What is writ is writ. Nothing avails against Fate; nothing—neither prayers, nor gifts, nor tears. They are fruitless all—Fate laughs at our supplications and Death at our despair.

* * *

What is our educational system but a gigantic farce—a body without a soul, a show without substance! We load the mind with exploded learning, or crush it beneath the weight of new but useless lore. We turn out neither useful citizens nor sound scholars. Political trimmers and intellectual flirts—these are the products of our thrice-blessed educational system. Training of character and thoroughness of study—it is these that we

want; but it is just these that we never find. Let us have less sham, and more real worth.

* * *

The West believes in the freedom, the East in the seclusion of woman; but, curiously enough, both the East and the West doubt and distrust her. The East openly *avows its distrust, the West seeks to conceal it* in furtive whispers.

* * *

Ah! the irony of a social order which receives the erring brother with open arms, but condemns the fallen sister to an everlasting infamy.

* * *

What man can even vie with—much less outdo—a woman in cruelty, heartlessness, cunning, and vindictiveness? She can reduce cruelty to a fine art; she can *act a lie with perfect self-composure, she can betray* with the sweetest of smiles, a burning kiss, an enchanting caress. "Venus! lovely Venus! thou art but a she-devil." Sweetest of Israelites, Heinrich Heine, thou didst not exaggerate when thou penned'st those immortal words.

* * *

The West maintains the majesty of law, the East the majesty of the ruler. In the West the sovereign is

the creature of law, in the East law is the creature of the sovereign.

* * *

Sobered, saddened, covered with the dust of life, the Shaikh proclaimed: "Wealth has many friends, poverty none."

* * *

With a sweet, passionate caress the lover said: "Thy very own shadow, Beloved, even thy very own shadow arouseth love's unreasoning fears and exciteth love's unsleeping jealousy. For doth not love a thousand misgivings incite?"

* * *

Dost thou go to Mekka to seek thy God, to atone for thy sins? Fool! Dost thou travel so far to seek Him who is nearer to thee than thy shadow? Dost thou undertake so long a journey for that which lieth within thyself? Would'st thou find God? Search thine own heart. For either He or *Shaitan* dwelleth there.

* * *

Veiled in Piety's deceptive mask, the hypocrite defileth the very sanctuary of faith and yet retaineth public esteem; but I the shaft of public scorn endure since I adore the Liquid Ruby.

* * *

"O Prophet of God!" said an inquiring woman, "hast thou not taught that God loveth human beings more than a woman loveth her new-born babe? Then, pray, explain: How can He condemn human beings to the everlasting torture of *Gehenna*?" The messenger of God sat speechless, tears trickled down his cheeks, no answer left his lips. And we—we, with our boasted knowledge and light—what explanation can we offer of those hideous exhibitions of lust, rapine, and destruction which daily and hourly disgrace and desecrate the fairest realms of Civilisation, and convert this beautiful Earth of ours into the veriest Hell? Should we say with the philosopher: Whatever is, is right? Or, with the poet, should we look eagerly forward to that glowing consummation when Good will be the final goal of Ill?

* * *

Seldom do we realise how rare are happy days in life.

* * *

Imru-ul-Qais has sung of the joys which a rainy day brings unto lovers; but is there anything to compare with the glories of a moonlight night? It inspires sweet melancholy in the old, ardent passion in the young. And who has not, once at least in life, felt its peerless beauty, its intoxicating rapture? With the Queen of thy Heart by thy side, amidst enchanted nature, basking

in the tender effulgence of the moon; with the dark velvety sky overhead, spangled with stars, like so many fairy lamps, apparently, to celebrate Love's Carnival; with no thoughts, other than those of love, to mar Love's banquet; with no sound other than the music of *her* voice, to disturb Love's Litany—there, in that garden of Bliss, Fancy weaves her choicest chaplets, and Love dreams his fondest dreams. But soon, too soon, alas, comes the end! The night advances, the stars become dim, the moon grows pale and sickly and retires to rest and there comes the bitter, cruel parting—the sweet, sad farewell! Could that scene, those hours—be renewed? Could that joy again be ours? Never: once and once only the curtain lifts, and once and once only we obtain a fugitive glimpse of the Paradise which awaits the Faithful after death!

* * *

I have long, long ceased to pray, for why need we pray to Him who knoweth our wants, forgiveth our imperfections, standeth above our flattery?

* * *

Truth, application, rectitude of conduct—these are the paths which lead to the sunlit heights of fame.

* * *

What is the history of humanity but the constant djustment and re-adjustment of the standard of right nd wrong?

* * *

"Repent," said the priest, to the dying poet; "repent, for thine hour has struck!" "Begone," said the poet: "begone! I have yet to see whether my sins are great or His Mercy greater!"

* * *

Religion deals with man in relation to God and humanity—laws only with man in relation to humanity. One merely touches the fringe of life; the other rules it from cradle to grave—and beyond!

* * *

With tearful eyes and mournful voice the Saqi (cup-bearer) sang: "Trust not thy secrets and expose not thy grief to others, for nothing endures here; nothing, neither love, nor faith, nor friendship. The autumn follows only too closely on the heels of spring, and lo in a trice, the bloom and the blossom change into th sear and yellow leaf. And so with all things earthl A joyous season of love and laughter, and then glo and darkness for evermore."

* * *

One loss we never fail to feel; one loss we never cease to mourn. 'Tis the loss of youth, that golden period of life when the world lies stretched for conquest at our feet, when hopes are without end and possibilities beyond calculation.

* * *

Hope! It is the one gift for which we can never be too thankful. It is the one gift for which nothing on earth or in heaven can ever be a substitute or an equivalent. It is the last refuge; the only sheet-anchor of sorrowing humanity.

* * *

We never know life until we have borne its trials and hardships. We never know our power until we are tried and tested. We never know humanity—until we have enjoyed the blessings of wealth and endured the stress of poverty.

* * *

To husbands women give their hand; to lovers their heart.

* * *

"Father," said a ten-year-old child, in a pleading voice; "father, wilt thou not take me to the annual fair to which all our townsfolk look forward with such eager, expectant delight?" "No, no, child of mine! custom

bars thy way, and society fetters thy movements." The child heaved a sigh and said: "Am I, then, for ever bereft of my freedom? Am I, then, for ever doomed to barren, cheerless days? Never more am I to see the sky and the sunlight except through barred windows; never more am I to tread the smiling fields and sweetly-perfumed gardens except as a life-long captive? Never am I to see the world and its wondrous beauty except through veiled eyes? Is this the cruel doom which I must now share with womankind? Is this a divine decree, or the selfish verdict of man?"

* * *

To wear out life in efforts to attain a perchance useless goal, and in the end to perish in a fierce, futile struggle—is not this the lame and impotent conclusion of many a promising manhood?

* * *

I do not know how others feel but I do know this, that at times, for reasons which I am wholly unable to account for, I feel unutterably, supremely sad. Is it the memory of some unrequited love or some demolished hope? Is it the presentiment of some impending sorrow? Or is it the occasional up-surge of the *Weltschmerz* which engulfs man and the world alike in its stupendous, irresistible swell? What is it which, at intervals, so

agitates and so agonises the soul? Man, the greatest mystery of creation, is a mystery not only to others but even to himself.

* * *

Upon the gate of the pleasure garden of the Sassanides of Persia I found this beautifully pathetic inscription, engraved in letters of gold:

Restore, O God, the dreams of youth, and fulfil a tithe of them!

* * *

Some have described life as the merest illusion; others as the veriest puppet-show. But to me it seems not unlike a Fancy-Fête, where every one tries to disguise himself as best he can.

* * *

Only too often, indeed, is repentance the starting point of fresh sins.

* * *

Nothing grieves me more than the frittering away of time in uncongenial occupations and useless pursuits. I mourn the death of days and lament over the futility of my existence.

* * *

Mankind has always knelt in trembling adoration before Power, and it will continue to do so ever.

* * *

The most opportune moment to attack an enemy is when he is in the wrong; for he can always successfully defend himself when he is in the right.

* * *

What troubles my little tongue has brought upon me! What woeful troubles! And yet it will not learn wisdom and cease to wag.

* * *

I have found envy in the congratulations of friends, want of charity in the judgment of men, treason and betrayal at the shrine of love.

* * *

It is so easy to make friends. It is so difficult to keep up friendship.

* * *

I have heard love's passionate pleadings; I have witnessed love's exulting joy. And I have also seen, alas, love's glowing fire slowly die. Sweet is the love which fancy fashions—sweeter still the love which cares for no return.

* * *

"What ails thee, dearest? What makes thee shed such bitter tears? Dost thou distrust my love, or in the midst of our joys is there aught thou dreadest?" "I neither

doubt thy love nor cherish any fears," said the lover. "But the rapid flight of time—it is this that afflicts and grieves my heart."

* * *

On the tablet of my heart I have inscribed my father's loving counsel: Scoff not at, and treat not with thoughtless unconcern, the advice of thine elders: for, seated on life's exalted dais, they see far—much beyond *thy* limited ken. Spare pain, at least, if thou desirest not to bring happiness to thy fellow creatures. Ever set high ideals before thee, and ever pursue noble aims. Seek not the aid of man, but His alone who neither dieth nor sleepeth, nor faileth those who repose their faith in Him.

* * *

The savage still lurks beneath Civilisation's specious garb, and Barbarism still shows its cloven foot amidst our vaunted order, law, and decorum. Can the muse of history tell us where Barbarism ends and Civilisation begins?

* * *

The Gods of yesterday are but the forlorn and forsaken Idols of to-day.

* * *

True generosity consists in remembering the claims of those that are absent or far away; for every tree sheds

its blossom or showers its fruit upon those who seek the shelter of its boughs.

* * *

Seen through the mist of years, do not many, many episodes in life appear like beautiful dreams? And who knows whether they were really dreams? For can we always, always accurately draw the line which divides Poesy from Truth?

* * *

God has created woman to humble the pride of man.

* * *

It was past midnight. I sat in the silence of my study musing over life and its vicissitudes. I felt as though a figure, a sheeted spectre, stood before me. "And who mayest thou be?" said I. "A former occupant of this very room which thou callest thine to-night," was the clear, deep-toned answer. And it continued: "Like thee, I, too, called many things mine which really were not mine at all. Like thee, I, too, foolishly sought solution of the mysteries of life and death. Like thee, I, too, fought with shadows and fretted over airy nothings. Like thee, I, too, was a dupe of life, and a victim of many sorrows, mostly of my own making. Like thee, I, too, was a slave of ambition; and like thee, I, too, was chained to a thousand earthly ties. Ah! but death has dissolved

the dreams and destroyed the illusions. And here I am free as the air, and as happy as the nightingale." This pretty little speech was concluded by loud, mocking laughter which aroused me from my trance.

* * *

Every one who has read much, thought much, felt much, and has seen the seamy side of life, oft seeks solace and shelter in that loving and confiding companionship which, founded in harmony of taste and identity of pursuit, softens the sorrows and heightens the joys of life a thousand-fold. But like all the good things of this world, it is more often dreamed of than realised.

* * *

Flattery is as varied in form as human nature is rich in types. But the form of flattery that is swiftest and surest of result is the flattery which, assuming our magnanimity, appeals to our compassion.

* * *

Everything has its price—goodness, wisdom, even the Paradise of the Faithful. For some things we pay in coin of the realm, for others with agony of our soul.

* * *

The most intense yearning of the human heart is the yearning for immortality. Hence the magical sway of

religion, since it assures us, at least, of the immortality of soul, if it assures us of nothing else. Yet must we *have* a soul before even religion can assure us regarding it.

* * *

The Earth is reclad and rejuvenated! Spring—what a vision of splendour and loveliness dost thou unfold to weary eyes! Fill full the cup, O Saqi, and bid the sorrowing heart rejoice while it may. For alas! not even thy bewitching blandishments and sparkling cup will induce Time to slacken his hurrying steps.

* * *

What imagination can picture the struggle, the sweat, the shedding of life-blood which existence means to the greater portion of humanity! I have no faith in the goodness of man; and as to the wisdom of Providence, it exceeds my understanding.

* * *

Life is an unresting march to an ever-receding goal.

* * *

It is not the law but the spirit in which the law is administered that matters. Absence of law may be tolerated and endured, but abuse of law, never.

* * *

The rich are the hardest, the poor the easiest to please. A nod, a smile, a kindly word, a warm hand-shake, anything which smacks of sympathy or savours of love, the poor receive with grateful joy. Not so the rich, who receive all that life can give, or love can bestow, either as their inalienable birth-right or as a becoming tribute to their importance.

* * *

Crown of thorns for the wise, crown of glory for the fool—such has been the popular award since the world began.

* * *

In the temple of my faith, love is the presiding priest; charity the ministering angel; humble thanksgiving the only recognised form of worship.

* * *

With mankind the fear of God has never been so great a deterrent as the fear of scandal and exposure; for God is full of mercy, but man is pitiless and full of scorn.

* * *

Some strive for power; some fret for fame; some seek riches; and some invent new and ever new methods of strife and of courting peril: none seems wholly at ease; for none is really blessed with peace.

* * *

Hidden, unseen, ah! what grim tragedies are oft enacted from hour to hour in the awful silence of the heart—tragedies too terrible for expression in words; too stunning for relief in tears. What torments and tortures have the gods devised for man; and all in that brief span which we call "life"!

* * *

In my long experience of the world nothing has struck me as more curious than man's inability to understand his fellow-man; nay, his remarkable ability to misunderstand him.

* * *

One assurance, however oft repeated, is ever fresh and ever new—the assurance of love.

* * *

Old age would have Youth made vicariously wise; but Youth, proud, heedless ever, flings such wisdom aside.

* * *

Possession destroys illusion. It puts a period to romance.

* * *

Be not envious of others; for many, as a matter of fact, are envious of thee.

* * *

It is success which dazzles the world—no matter how that success has been attained.

* * *

When the Prophet of God declared the *equality* of all Muslims, he manifestly misinterpreted the instincts of the human race which point to *inequality* as the universal law of life. And the result was, as might have been foreseen, that this precept of *equality* soon became a painful unreality, a hateful fiction—the prolific parent of fierce civic strife.

* * *

Whether borne on the flood-tide of prosperity or prostrate at the feet of despair—be what it may—it is soon, very soon, over.

* * *

Nothing amuses me more than the spectacle of power in the hand of a *parvenu*, or of wealth in the possession of one "lowly born"; for both betray themselves—one by his insufferable pride, the other by his ostentatious display.

* * *

The acutest infliction is always that which arises from the consciousness of wrong. It conjures up a thousand unpleasant phantoms which worry the mind and ruffle the soul.

* * *

Our most fondly cherished hope faileth. We grieve for the moment, and then, in the engrossing occupations of the day, we forget it. Years after we realise that what happened was really for the best. Can mortal vision pierce the veil of futurity; can human wisdom successfully direct the course of events?

* * *

Man is an egoist *par excellence*. He parades his virtues, palliates his faults, magnifies his misfortunes, and sets up his own arbitrary standard of right and wrong whereby he measures humanity and judges the world.

* * *

Vice carries its own punishment. Is there anything more appallingly terrible than the rebukes of conscience or the agony of remorse?

* * *

The royal seal of Persia bore an inscription than which it is impossible to imagine aught more charming—"Love and humility." This is all we need in life, for love illumines human nature and humility sanctifies human virtues.

* * *

The most fleeting of all earthly things is popular applause. It is as unstable as water; as variable as the wind.

* * *

Unbidden flow the tears when memory takes wing and flies into the dim regions of the past. Truly hath the poet sung: "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

* * *

Is that Faith worth a dirham which shrinks from the touchstone of trial; which fears the fire of temptation; which falters beneath the weight of suffering?

* * *

What heavy penalties do our vanity and pride exact! And yet we would rather pay those penalties than let our vanity or our pride abate.

* * *

Does civilisation really make us free, or does it forge for us a thousand fetters as galling as any servitude under the sun? "Which is it, O Heaven?" cried the weary man of the world.

* * *

"It is not the shackle on the wrist that constitutes a slave—but the loss of self-respect." Words of profoundest wisdom; food for deepest thought!

* * *

What care I if roses and myrtles are strewn on my grave? What boots it if monuments are erected to my memory? What does anything matter to the dead,

flowers or prayers or tears, censures, reproaches, or tirades? Nothing then cheers or saddens; nothing then affects or hurts—enfolded in the bosom of Earth, we sleep the eternal sleep of death. Healer and Comforter; Annihilator of cares and woes to some; Respecter of none; greatest and truest of Levellers; master of all—Death!—irresistible is thy power; wondrous thy ways.

* * *

Painful to the eyes that have witnessed the luxuriant bloom of the Spring is the desolation of Autumn—its barren trees, its russet leaves, its prevailing gloom. How much more painful must it be to watch the ruin of a great mind; the end of a fondly-cherished dream; the final severance of life-long ties! What flotsam and jetsam strew the tide of human life!

* * *

Weep no more! Let tears dry; for one relief we shall surely have—that which is obtained at the hand of Death.

* * *

Reality is Dreamland's inveterate foe, and Despair is Hope's inheritor by right divine.

* * *

The Bore, I suppose, hath existed in every age. How *insufferable he is!* Never hath he aught to say: yet doth he ever insist on saying it.

* * *

Adversity affects different people differently. Some it shatters; some it embitters; some it softens; but upon all it leaves its ineffaceable imprint.

* * *

A mother's love! A brother's hate! One as deep as the sea; the other as fierce as the flames of hell.

* * *

The secret of success lies, not so much in using the right opportunities, as in appreciating our powers and understanding our limitations.

* * *

Without freedom, truth, like honour, is in bondage. Both bear the shackles of servitude, for both exist to serve other than their own legitimate ends.

* * *

We resent a false accusation, but we love false praise. We condemn falsehood, but we act the lie from sunrise to sundown. Does not life offer strange contrasts?

* * *

The Prophet of God has said that love of children is the surest sign of a heart overflowing with mercy, tenderness, and compassion.

* * *

Popular opinion is rarely right, for it is more often factitious than genuine.

* * *

With man it is the reason, with woman it is the instinct that rules—both err in their judgment, but woman less frequently than man.

* * *

"The fool's judgment thou wilt hear"—thou that incessantly toileth; thou that sheddest thy blood; thou that bringest light and wisdom; thou that softenest the burden of man—thou, each and all—"the fool's judgment thou wilt hear."

* * *

The insolence of power is trying enough, but the insolence of wealth is beyond endurance.

* * *

It has been said that a home represents the rule of the dead, and, indeed, it verily does so if it is a home in any true sense of the word, for everything there—the merest trifle—evokes some memory, calls to mind some dear tradition, or summons up some delightful vision of the past. There the present and the past stand indissolubly linked together; there the discerning eye sees the impalpable but none the less effective influence of departed sires; there the loving heart feels the

invisible but none the less caressing touch of vanished hands.

* * *

Wealth and Poverty—they try the character and reveal the breed of man.

* * *

I saw a little child fondling and caressing a doll—fondling and caressing it with all the ardent glow of unselfish love; with all the warmth of intense passionate joy. In that simple act of the child I saw the glories of womanhood shine in radiant splendour—its unselfish love, its unfailing devotion; its noble self-surrender, its unshrinking self-sacrifice.

* * *

"Who art thou, thou that never leavest me—cruel, unwelcome companion? Who art thou?" "Fate. I am Fate—no escape hast thou from me. I lead humanity by the nose. My rule none can question; my decrees none can avert; my will none can thwart and all must obey. I am heedless of human suffering and indifferent to human tears. 'My will must be done'—that is the inscription my shield beareth, and that is what every human being only too well knoweth."

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* * *

"Here in this garden where I have built my nest," said the nightingale, "and which to the casual visitor is but a vision of loveliness; here, for me, the very perfume of the flowers is laden with sadness; for do I not daily see the flowers bloom and fade? Here, my very own nest, built oft and built anew, stands for an emblem of our vain and fruitless strivings; here what they call my SONG is naught but lamentations over the uncertainty and instability of all things earthly. Wrongly, wrongly do men call me happy, for I, too, am sore and sick at heart; I, too, long for release from my captivity as anxiously as does the most weary man on earth. Judge not by appearances, for only too often they blind us to realities."

* * *

From the moorings of the past thou must loose—nay, sometimes sever thyself; from thy lethargy thou must needs shake thyself; to thy sense of responsibility thou must fully awaken; to useful labour thou must steadfastly set thy hand—these thou must do, O East, if thou art ever to enter upon thy heritage of yore and have again what once was thine: leadership in sphere intellectual; sovereignty in sphere Divine.


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